

THE EPISTLE
OF
Y A R I C O
TO
I N K L E.
A
P O E M.

G L A S G O W,

PRINTED FOR JOHN ROSS BOOKSELLER
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M. DCC. L.

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PRINTED FOR JOHN ROSS MOOREHEAD

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M. D. C. L.

PHILADELPHIA

THE
STORY
OF
INKLE AND YARICO.

MR. THOMAS INKLE, of London, aged twenty years, embarked in the Downs on the good ship called the Achilles, bound for the West-Indies, on the 10th of June, 1647, in order to improve his fortune by trade and merchandize. Our adventurer was the third son of an eminent citizen, who had taken particular care to instill into his mind an early love of gain, by making him a perfect master of numbers, and consequently giving him a quick view of loss and advantage, and preventing the natural impulses of his passions, by prepossession towards his interests. With a mind thus turned, young INKLE had a person every

way agreeable, a ruddy vigour in his countenance, strength in his limbs, with ringlets of fair hair loosely flowing on his shoulders. It happened, in the course of the voyage, that the Achilles, in some distress, put into a creek on the main of America, in search of provisions: the youth, who is the hero of my story, among others went ashore on this occasion. from their first landing they were observed by a party of Indians, who hid themselves in the woods for that purpose. The English unadvisedly marched a great distance from the shore into the country, and were intercepted by the natives, who slew the greatest number of them. Our adventurer escaped among others, by flying into a forest. Upon his coming into a remote and pathless part of the wood, he threw himself, tired, and breathless on a little hillock, when an Indian maid rushed from a thicket behind him: after the first surprise, they appeared mutually agreeable to each other. If the European

was highly charm'd with the limbs, features, and wild
graces of the naked American; the American was no
less taken with the dress, complexion, and shape of an
European, covered from head to foot. The Indian
grew immediately enamoured of him, and consequent-
ly sollicitous for his preservation: she therefore con-
veyed him to a cave, where she gave him a delicious
repast of fruits, and lead him to a stream to slack his
thirst. In the midst of these good offices, she would
sometimes play with his hair, and delight in the oppo-
sition of its colour to that of her fingers: then open
his bosom, then laugh at him for covering it. She was, it
seems, a person of distinction, for she every day came
to him in a different dress, of the most beautifull shells,
bugles, and breches. She likewise brought him a great
many spoils, which her other lovers had presented to
her, so that his cave was richly adorned with all the
spotted skins of beasts, and most party coloured feathers

of fowls, which that world afforded. To make his confinement more tollerable, she would carry him in the dusk of the evening, or by the favour of moonlight, to unfrequented groves and solitudes, and shew him where to lie down in safety, and sleep amidst the falls of waters, and melody of nightingales. Her part was to watch and hold him awake in her arms, for fear of her countrymen, and awake him on occasions to consult his safety. In this manner did the lovers pass away their time, till they had learned a language of their own, in which the voyager communicated to his mistress, how happy he should be to have her in his country, where she should be cloathed in such silks as his waste-coat was made of, and be carried in houses drawn by horses, without being exposed to wind or weather. All this he promised her the enjoyment of, without such fears and alarms as they were there tormented with. In this tender correspondence these lovers lived

for several months, when YARICO instructed by her lover, discovered a vessel on the coast to which she made signals; and in the night, with the utmost joy and satisfaction, accompanied him to a ship's-crew of his countrymen, bound for Barbadoes. When a vessel from the main arrives in that island, it seems the planters come down to the shore, where there is an immediate market of the Indians and other slaves, as with us of horses and oxen.

To be short, Mr. THOMAS INKLE, now coming into English territories, began seriously to reflect upon his loss of time, and to weigh with himself how many days interest of his money he had lost during his stay with YARICO. This thought made the young man very penfive, and careful what account he should be able to give his friends of his voyage. Upon which considerations, the prudent and frugal young man sold YARICO to a Barbadian merchant; notwithstanding that

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the poor girl, to incline him to commiserate her condition, told him that she was with child by him: but he only made use of that information to rise in his demands upon the purchaser.

SPECTATOR, N° 11.

Pueri longis rationibus assem
Discunt in parteis centum diducere. dicat
Filius Albini, si de quincunce remota est
Uncia, quid superat? poteras dixisse, Triens. Eu,
Rem poteris servare tuam. redit uncia: quid fit?
Semis. ad haec animos aerugo et cura peculi
Cum semel imbuerit, speramus! —

Horat.

THE EPISTLE
OF
YARICO
TO
INKLE.
A
POEM.

*This epistle is supposed to be wrote by YARICO in the
beginning of her slavery, just as INKLE was embark-
ing for England, and contains a little history of her
misfortunes mixt with entreaties and upbraidings, ten-
derness and reproaches.*

FROM this sad place where sorrow ever reigns,
And hopeless wretches groan beneath their chains;
Where stern oppression lifts her iron hand,
And restless cruelty usurps command;
To sooth her soul, and ease her aching heart,
Permit a wretch her sufferings to impart.
To INKLE she complains, to him who taught
Her hand in language to express her thought.
Yet, e're your sails before the winds are spread,
A woman's sorrows with compassion read;
Her dying farewell from her pen receive,
And to her wrongs a tear in pity give.
Fain wou'd I learn from whence your hate arose,
The cruel cause, and source of all my woes.
O tell me! why am I so wretched made?
For what unwilling crime am I betray'd?

Is it because I lov'd?—unjust reward,
That love preserv'd you from the ills you fear'd,
If 'twas a fault, alas! I'm guilty still,
For still I love, and while I live, I will;
No change of fortune, nor your cruel hate,
Shall e'er my passion, or its warmth abate.
False as you are, how dare you trust anew
To winds and seas, as treacherous as you:
Think, will the Gods you serve, if Gods they are,
For crimes like yours; their punishments forbear?
If injur'd innocence their care be made,
Tho' I forgive, their certain vengeance dread.
What if your bark, by adverse tempests tost
Shou'd on some barbarous coast like mine be lost?
Think that you see your friends and you pursu'd
By savage people greedy for your blood.
Who then would snatch you from your pale despair?
You'd find no YARICO to shield you there;

How wou'd you wish you never had betray'd,
Or sold for trifling gain, a helpless maid?
O! yet redeem me, while you've power to save,
And make me yours, if I must be a slave;
Your faithful slave indeed, I'll ever prove,
And with continued care attend my love.
Think on the vows you have so often made,
How did you promise? how have you betray'd?
Think! are these chains, those bitter woes her due,
Who left her country and her friends for you?
And think, O! think on the dear load I bear!
Must the poor babe a mother's sufferings share?
Shall the dear witness of our mutual flame
Be born to want, to misery, and shame?
Whose tender care shall hush thy infant cry?
Or whose indulgent hand thy wants supply?
Behold the gift a father's love prepares!
Unceasing sorrows, ever-streaming tears;

This is the portion destin'd to be thine,
Thou heir to all the wrongs that now are mine.
O cou'd my pen in artful language tell
The sad variety of ills I feel!
Wou'd some kind power assist my words to flow
Strong as my love, and piercing as my woe,
To paint the anguish of my akeing heart,
My bitter sufferings and severest smart;
Even you Barbarian! wou'd believe my pain,
And pitying, take me to your arms again.
Remember, for 'tis sure, you often must,
When the seas drove you on our fatal coast;
How did my cruel friends your life pursue?
And none of all who landed scap'd but you;
Pale with your fears, and breathless in the chace,
With wearied limbs you ran from place to place
Distress'd, forlorn, you knew not where to go,
To shun the fury of the desp'rate foe:

Till chance, or rather some propitious God
Your feet conducted to a shady wood;
Screen'd from your hunters eyes, but not your fears,
On the bare ground you lay o'erwhelm'd in tears:
Your speaking looks, and stifled groans confess
A wretch with more than common ills oppress;
'Twas in that fatal shade, by fortune brought,
A shelter from the scorching heat I sought;
Or rather to indulge a secret tear,
Shed for your friends, whose cries had reach'd my ear?
There I beheld you, trembling as you lay,
And e're I knew it, look'd my soul away,
You saw me, and the sight increas'd your fear;
You rose, and would have fled, but knew not where:
Returning, at my feet, yourself you threw,
And did by earnest signs for pity shew;
Fond of the charge, solicitous to save,
I rais'd, and brought you to a secret cave:

To chear my love, delicious fruits I got,
And water from the chrystal fountain brought,
Pleas'd with my care, you held me to your breast,
And by expressive looks your thanks confest;
Such tender offices, unhop'd, dispell'd
Your gloomy fears, and your distraction heal'd;
The languid paleness from your visage fled,
And native bloom your glowing cheeks o'erspread,
Your eyes o'er all my naked beauties stray'd,
While mine your dress and fairer face survey'd.
If you my well-proportion'd shape admir'd,
Your flowing locks my heaving bosom fir'd;
The tenderest things in words unknown you spoke,
But the soft meaning from your eyes I took;
No other language cou'd we use or need,
For eyes, beyond all eloquence persuade.
Enflam'd with love, with wanton joy you kiss
My trembling lips, and panting to be blest,

You prest, and look'd, and strove nor vainly strove,
For every power was soften'd into love.

Unskill'd in art, unable to deny,

Blushing, I yielded to the silent joy.

O happy hours of love! when all my care,

Was but to please, and to preserve my dear;

Sollicitous for nothing else, I knew

No thought, no wish for any thing but you.

Clasp'd in each others arms, conceal'd we lay,

And in soft pleasures wasted all the day:

But when the sun's discerning light withdrew,

And the mild evening's cooling breezes blew,

With cautious steps, thro' secret paths I led,

To some still grove, or unfrequented shade:

The murmuring stream's enamell'd bank we prest,

The murmuring stream invited you to rest;

But careful of your safety while you slept,

My waking eyes in constant watch I kept;

My arm incircled round your neck, was made
A guard, and tender pillow for your head.
Thus in soft slumbers, stretch'd at ease you lay,
'Till op'ning morning summon'd us away;
In haste I cry'd, "Awake, awake my dear,
"The chirping birds approaching day declare;
"See how the fainting stars foretell the morn,
"Awake my dear, and to our cave return."
Whole months secure in those retreats we past,
And each new hour came happier than the last;
Such was our love, so mutual was our flame,
Our hopes, and fears, and wishes were the same.
The various presents other lovers gave,
I brought to furnish, or adorn our cave;
With softest particolour'd skins I made,
Perfum'd with sweetest flowers, a fragrant bed.
Had you a wish that ever I deny'd,
Or was not with a willing care supply'd?

O what return for such a waste of love!

But still would I intreat, and not reprove.

Yet let me mind you of what once you said,

While oaths confirm'd the promises you made.

" My YARICO, my love, my life you cry'd,

" My dear preserver, and my choicest pride!

" Thou kindest, softest care of all my woe,

" How shall I pay the gratitude I owe?

" Thou power that mad'st me, hear me while I swear

" Eternal truth, eternal love to her!

" If thou vouchsaf'st me to behold once more

" My dear, my long-lost friends, and native shore,

" If ever I forget her tender care,

" Do thou regardless hear my dying prayer,

" Drive me in bitterness of want to rove

" And shut me ever from the realms above!"

Is he a God whose curses you implor'd,

And Shall his hand not grasp th' avenging sword?

Ne'er can you hope in sweet content to live,
Or know that comfort you refus'd to give.
Among the vices men abhor the most,
Ingratitude is sure of all accurst;
Can the just Gods with pleasure look upon
Or love the temper so unlike their own?
Kind offices a kind requital claim,
He pays but half, who but returns the same;
He who gives first, a generous kindness shows;
The other only pays a debt he owes:
But you relentless to my cries and prayers,
Smile at my wrongs, and mock my falling tears.
Not one return for all the mighty debt,
But cruel rage, and persecuting hate;
This, this is all, your nature can bestow,
And thus you pay the gratitude you owe.
Time, and my griefs, this body shall decay,
This moving frame shall be but lifeless clay;

Then peaceful, in the silent grave I'll rest,
Still this warm blood, and calm this glowing breast;
But the remembrance of my woes shall live,
Your treachery whole ages shall survive;
People unborn, shall my sad tale relate,
And curse your cruelty, and weep my fate;
And if in distant years, some hapless maid;
Shall be by faithless, barbarous man betray'd,
Condemn'd in sharpest misery to rove,
Unblest with hope, still curs'd with fatal love;
One to whom life and liberty he owes,
From whose fond kindness every blessing flows,
Then shall the just comparison be made,
So trusted Yarico, and was betray'd.
Think on that morn, when on the beach I stood,
And saw the bark at anchor in the flood;
Streight to your cave with eager care I ran,
Behold my dear, a vessel on the main;

Away my dear, nor longer let us live,
Unknown to peace security can give!
No more you needed. pleasure in your eyes,
Flash'd like a shooting blaze in evening skies;
Your eager arms around my neck you flung,
And on my lips in silent transport hung;
The mighty joy, too great to be exprest,
Glow'd on your cheeks, and struggled in your breast.
' Adieu you cry'd, ye friendly shades adieu,
' (As in embraces to the shore we flew.)
' And thou my cave? thou ever kind retreat,
' Scene of our pleasures, and my safety's seat,
' Farewell! ye cruel savages adieu!
' Adieu to all, my YARICO but you!
' Thou, my preserver, shall be ever near,
' Reign in my soul, and every blessing share!
But why do I pursue the ungrateful tale?
Why urge a cause, that never will prevail?

Why tell when nearer to the ship we drew,
The waving colours you beheld, and knew.
' See, see my love, what heaven relenting sends!
' Behold my dear, my countrymen, and friends,
Then loud you cry'd, and wav'd your hand in air,
And streight we saw the hastning boat appear;
With lusty stroaks we cut the yielding tide,
And joyful, climb'd the mighty vessel's side:
If from a life of long continued fear,
From threatenng cruelty and anxious care,
From death, the greatest of all ills we dread,
To be in one propitious moment freed,
Be happiness that can't addition know,
Your friends embraces made it so to you.
And now the ship unfurls her willing sails
Whose bending bosoms catch the rising gales;
Like distant clouds appear the lessening shore,
'Till the faint prospect can be view'd no more.

' Adieu my country, and my friends adieu !

' A lasting farewell here I take of you!

Thus while I cry'd, as conscious of my fate;

Unusual sadness on my spirits sat.

My blood ran cold, my bosom heav'd with sighs,

And gushing sorrow trickled from my eyes.

But you with well dissembled fondness came,

(Dissembled 'twas, and yet ye look'd the same)

O! whence, my love this change, that mourning look?

You said, and mingled kisses as you spoke:

What means my life? ô tell me why you sigh?

Why steals the pearly moisture from thy eye?

Tell me, and let me cure the ill you feel,

Or share the anguish that I cannot heal!

Pleas'd with your words, suspecting no deceit,

Artless I swallow'd the ensnaring bait:

Honest myself, I thought the world so too,

Nor fear'd deceit, for no deceit I knew

No more I weept, my griefs were lull'd asleep,
'Till 'twas decreed I must forever weep.
Brisk blew the driving winds, the fleeting ship,
Cuts the thin air and skims along the deep;
When on the deck a sudden shout we hear'd;
Barbadoes welcome coast at last appear'd;
The busy sailors skipp'd from place to place,
And smiling joy appear'd in every face,
But you sat silent, pensive and alone,
And meditated villany to come.
Then was the scene of my undoing laid,
Then was the curst determination made.
Oh say what mov'd you to the cruel deed!
Did it from hate, or thirst of gain proceed?
Urge nothing—for if love's not in our power,
Is there from gratitude requir'd no more?
That's the strong tie, that should forever bind
The surest charm to fix a generous mind.

Ye powers above, who guide the world below,
Relieve or teach me how to bear my woe!
Give me, ô give me eloquence to move
His stubborn heart, and bring it back to love?
So shall my life be spent in grateful praise,
And lasting honours to your names I'll raise,
And now I stood upon the long'd-for shore,
And fondly hop'd my hours of sorrow o'er;
You smil'd, and as you kindly prest my hand,
Welcome you cry'd, my YARICO to land!
Thou kindest, dearest, tenderest, loveliest maid,
Now shall my promis'd gratitude be pay'd.
—O how unmanly is the flattering lie
That cheers but to enhance our misery;
For that which aggravates our sorrows most,
Is to know happiness and know it lost.
Such soothing words conceal'd the vile deceit,
And lull'd me unsuspecting of my fate.

But now no longer need the mask be on,
The means were over, for the end was won;
No more th' endearing look your falshood wears,
But all the monster in full light appears:
Take her, you cry'd, my right I here resign,
Her life and labours are by purchase thine:
You ended and the wretch to whom you spoke
(Pride and ill-nature, settled in his look,)
Approach'd, and sternly seiz'd upon my hand,
And rudely hail'd me under his command.
Such cruelty, what savage ever knew,
Or hearing, could believe you meant it true:
Too true I found it when with barbarous scoff,
And hate unknown before, you shook me off,
Plung'd me o'erwhelm'd in every human ill;
Not to be spoke,—and which I only feel,
Can you forget or did you ne'er regard
The sad distress, that in my soul appear'd;

How chill'd with horror, I could scarce survive,
And mad, and blasted, stiffen'd yet alive?
How grov'ling at your feet in wild despair,
I beat my bleeding breast, and tore my hair?
Then what did rage, and fear, and love not say,
As madness prompted, and my pangs gave way?
O save me, and this fatal doom reverse,
Which once endur'd, there is no further curse.
Or tell me why with vengeance you pursue
Her who was life and happiness to you?
Relentless can you stand to all I say?
Unchang'd, unmov'd? ô give compassion way!
Or kindly with some well-dissembled vow
Delude me still—it will be pious now!
But oh! I read my anguish in your look
I can no longer—for my heart is broke.
Yet let my heaving breast, and streaming eyes
Speak for me, what my faltering tongue denys,

Recall the former image to your view,
Of her that loves,——that was belov'd by you;
That now o'erburden'd with a mother's cares,
The tender pledge of our endearments bears——
I feel the infant struggling in my womb,
As conscious of it's misery to come,
O spare the guiltless babe——let nature move
Your heart to pity,——tho' 'tis deaf to love.
I cou'd no more——Your cruel looks congeal'd
My flowing blood and every vital chill'd;
No more my bosom heav'd, my dying eyes
Were clos'd, and sense forsook me with my cries,
O had it been for ever gone, indeed
From what a world of woes had I been freed;
But fate conspiring to protract my grief,
Unseal'd my eyes, and gave me back to life.
I found me, when my senses were restor'd,
In the curst house of him I call my lord,

My bitter wrongs, in vain I did deplore,
For you the source of all I saw no more,
How should I act in so severe distress?
Words cou'd not speak my anguish, nor redress;
But still to keep a glimmering hope alive
(The last sad comfort wretches can receive)
I told my fatal story o'er with pain,
And sue'd for pity, but I sue'd in vain;
Condemn'd to feel unutterable woes,
And all the wrongs that slav'ry can impose.
Tho deaf to justice, and love's softer claim,
O yet redeem me in regard to fame!
For still the living story of my woe
Shall follow, and exclaim where'er you go;
Mankind will shun you, and the blasting tongue,
Shall hoot the monster, as you pass along:
Behold the wretch, whose breast to nature steel'd,
For kindness hated, for compassion kill'd!

Then (as you taught me) if there is to come
A day of general, just and awful doom,
If fit gradation be observ'd in pains,
O think and tremble!——what for you remains?
O what indeed!——unless you now incline;
To shun the anguish by relieving mine;
So endless torments shall you change to peace
And men instead of cursing you shall bless;
The Gods in mercy will the deed regard,
And pay you with a penitent's reward.
Or if the state, you brought me to believe
Be but a story, fabl'd to deceive,
Yet sweet contentment never hope to own,
Or taste of soft repose——tho' stretch'd on down.
In vain for ease to business you'll repair,
My wrongs shall find you, and revenge me there.
Forgive, thou still-lov'd author of my pain!
My griefs are heavie, and I must complain.

O kill me,——or some milder ill provide,
 'Ere fate quite severs and the seas divide.
 The thoughts distract me,—my stream'd eyes are dim,
 And nature shivers at the dreadful theme.
 —A thousand things my loaded heart would say,
 But oh! my trembling hand will not obey;
 Then let your fancy image my distress,
 And yet,—oh yet,—while you have power—redress.

F. I. N. I. S.

